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NEAR-SIGHTED.

Clergyman (overtaking two members of his congregation on their way to church): WON'T YOU AND YOUR FRIEND GET IN AND DRIVE WITH ME TO CHURCH, MISS BLANCHE?

Miss Blanche (innocently): OH, NO, I THANK YOU, WE ONLY GO FOR THE WALK.

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. VIII. SEPTEMBER 9, 1886. No. 193.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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THE report that Secretary Bayard's envoy to Mexico has enjoyed the hospitalities of the Mexican capital to an undue extent is to be accepted with very moderate confidence. His mission was to find out the truth in the Cutting matter, and in similar international entanglements, but Mr. Bayard distinctly denies that Mr. Sedgwick was empowered to search for it *in vino*. The envoy may have found it desirable to give the Mexican young gentlemen an opportunity to free their minds, and may have considered that convivial surroundings would tend to diminish their natural reticence; and following some erroneous notion as to the requirements of his mission his feet may have scolloped to some trifling extent along the edge of the path of diplomatic discretion. But that he ever made so serious a lapse as the newspapers describe, LIFE does not propose to believe. Mr. Bayard might surely be trusted to send a hard-headed agent on such a mission. If anything disreputable really occurred to Mr. Sedgwick, it must have been due to some unnatural combination of intoxicants, which may be grounds for another international difficulty.

ALEXANDER, who was lost for several days, is found again, and is King of Bulgaria up to the hour of our going to press. During several days the cable dispatches reported his presence in most of the considerable towns between Constantinople, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, crediting him with a degree of ubiquity unsurpassed except in the single instance of General Washington's body-servant. It remains a dark mystery who stole him away. The Czar disclaims the kidnapping as emphatically as the birds in the nursery rhyme denied the killing of Cock Robin. But that has not effaced the impression that it was the Czar that did it, in the hope that the prince, once out of the country, would not be missed. If Alexander is as prudent as he is brave, he will make his bed hereafter in his office safe, and omit to advise the Czar of the combination.

THERE are no limits to the audacious ambition of Chicago. Learning last week of the earthquakes in Greece, and believing that country to be a rival lard center, her citizens instantly resolved to outdo the quakings of the Peloponnesus. The fact that no natural earthquake was at hand was no check to the enterprise. The anarchists have taught Cook county several things, and it was the work of a few hours only to have a powder magazine struck by lightning, and windows broken for seven miles around. Chicago men now point to a hole in the ground in their suburbs, and derisively exclaim, "Where's Greece!"

AND by the way, if there is one specialty in which more than another Chicago does her full duty, it is in furnishing news to the Associated Press. In this she finds a constant rival in Boston, who has pressed her hard lately with poisonings and embezzlements in high life. But Boston has no pronounced anarchists. There is where Chicago leaves her. When the gossip about the *Mayflower* has gone far enough, Chicago has only to dig out a burrow of dynamiters to distract public attention.

NEVER mind if we can't play polo. LIFE for one is not unduly ambitious to surpass the British at that sport.

"HOLMES again from a foreign shore," sings a contemporary. It was on his seventy-seventh birthday that the autocrat landed in New York. Preparations for Harvard's big celebration will now go on with greater zest.

THE sea-serpent continues to disappear off the New England coast. As soon as New York has buried her telegraph wires, the elusive reptile is to be caught and moored in the East River, where he will be fed upon the droppings from the East River bridge. Thus may two great nuisances be abated.

THE summer has passed and the harvest has ended, and still there are pretty lively times at Bar Harbor and Newport, and down on the Jersey shore. Another month, and the rich will return, and the poor will cease to blush when they meet one another on Fifth Avenue and Broadway.

A YOUNG man in Jersey City recently applied for a pension on the ground that his great-grandfather had been shot through the lungs at the battle of Bunker Hill.

This the truckling administration refused, fearing lest it might offend Great Britain. We'll have the queen in the White House yet.



OH, while it is a scarcity, the orders fly around,
For Spanish mackerel, "very cheap" at sixty cents a pound,
A dollar's worth of strawberries a plate will scarcely fill,
But, then, to eat them is the "style," so who would mind the bill?

The dish of fresh "asparagus" full early must appear,
'Tis true that it is flavorless, no matter, it is dear,



While "Pommery Sec." must circulate, and "Haut Sauterne"
must flow,
This tribute to the times we pay, at least to it we owe.

The carriage rolls from house to house, the occupants alight,
To three "cotillions" we must go within a single night,
And then there is the "Opera," where we're bound to meet some
friends,
And so, to scarce ten minutes time, the stay at each extends.



With dressmakers, from morn to noon, our wives are talking o'er
The making of some gown unlike all they have worn before.
We hear them say: "My white, my gray, my crimson, and my
blue,
I'm tired of all, you really must invent me something new."

Our evenings, if we stay at home, on parties must be spent,
All sorts of costly dishes from "Pinard's" must there be sent,
Behind our chairs, in "swallow tails," the hired lackeys wait,
Our table, too, doth groan beneath the bulk of borrow'd plate.

Friends, visitors, acquaintances, our entertainments grace,
We shake the hand of some of whom we scarcely know the face,
Of Fashion's draught of pleasure great, we quaff the sparkling
cup,
The Season's short, and while it lasts, we all must keep it up.

The Season now is finishing, our hall each morning fills,
With "tradesmen" who impatiently are waiting for their bills;
The "green grocer" is obstinate, and shows himself displeased,
Nor till we pay him for the "peas" will go away "appeased."

The Confectioner has called again, is waiting in the hall,
And "really would be pleased to know the day he is to call;"
He's sorry our convenience with his so little chimes,
'Tis strange that he's not hit it once, he's called so many
times.

The man we hired the "coupé" of, has left a note to say,
He'll call to-morrow, as he has a "little bill" to pay;
And as he fears he's "slightly short" of the required amount,
So, therefore, he must trouble us at once for his account.

The "Florist" who has hitherto been naught but smile and bow,
Begins to show a countenance not quite so pleasing now;
And the "city," which is warm enough 'neath summer's burning
suns,
Is made too hot to live in by a crowd of eager duns.

So to the "seashore" by the rail and steamer, far and wide,
We "Lions of Dame Fashion's Court," to distant places glide,
Until the autumn weather, when it all begins again,
With those, at least, who manage well their credit to sustain.

P. L. Blatchford.



"THREE LITTLE MAIDS."

Their Strong Points.

THE MAIDEN OF SISTERLY LOVE.

THY maidens fair, oh Quaker Town,
E'en those of low degree,
Are at their best when talking of
Their lengthy pedigree.

THE NEW YORK MAID.

Well, this one 's strong on many points.
But especially is skittish,
When you can get her harping on
Most anything that 's British.

YE BOSTONNE LASSIE.

'T would take four columns to put down
On what this lady gloats,
But she 's a dazzler when she speaks
'Bout Buddha, Beans and Boats.

ENVOL.

But they are all nice girls !

* * *

YES, indeed, Henrietta, there are plenty of bells that never ring. Any one of those fifty thousand old maiden belles up in Massachussets, for instance.

* * *

IT takes so many men nowadays to run a horse car that there is no room left for the passengers.

The Broadway road should divide its receipts with the police who accompanied the cars through thick and thin in the late strike, on the principle that none but the brave deserve the fare.

* * *

WHAT do these Anarchists want, anyhow ? asks a constant reader.

After a close study of the matter, we think they want what some of them will get — hanging.

* * *

A WASHINGTON paper accuses the President of lying. And yet the President only claims to have caught one miserable little trout in two weeks !

* * *

THE small boy evinces a willingness to do any amount of chores nowadays, especially green apple chores.

* * *

THE *Sun's* cat says that the most difficult subject for a reporter to handle is a big fire.

A large number of reporters will have a hard time of it in the hereafter, then, if their sins find them out.

ALL jokes on imitation buttercups being called oleomargarine cups will be summarily Squired, *i. e.* bounced.

* * *

A WESTERN poet rejoices in the name of Gassaway. He is appropriately called if his published poems are fair samples of his work.

* * *

MR. DANA having sailed for Europe, the *Sun* is in a hard way for brilliant young men to write up the Great Yacht Race.

We do not believe that the accomplished proprietor of the *Sun* has gone abroad to join Henry Ward Beecher in a walking tour through Siberia.

* * *

THERE is a man over in Brooklyn who has been robbed so many times that he has taken out his burglar alarm and replaced it with a chestnut indicator.

* * *

IT is now asserted that the recently deceased rhinoceros at the Central Park committed suicide, because he had come so far to find that the belt for thick skin was held by a recently indicted millionaire of New York.

* * *

LET HIM COME HOME.

MR. JOHN C. ENO is said to be anxious to return to the scene of his early financial triumphs.

Let him return by all means. He will have a fair chance of being well received by our self-constituted first people. He has money, doubtless, and his long residence under the British domination has probably anglicized him sufficiently to make him a welcome addition to New York Society.

He will be indicted, of course, by the Grand Jury, but what of that ? Our present praiseworthy District Attorney will certainly not reach his case until the twentieth or twenty-first century, and a man of Mr. Eno's habits has a good chance of dying before that time.

Quebec must be horribly dull to a man of his tastes, there being no real society there, merely a tinsel imitation of a Court at certain seasons of the year, and not enough money in the whole province to interest an American Financier of his calibre. Why, it is positive cruelty to keep him there !

Certainly he should return, and bring Marm Mandlebaum with him, and in a few years, when Fish, and Ward, and Squire, and Flynn get out of the toils there will be good stock upon which to found an American Aristocracy which shall be based upon the greatness of past achievements — not upon mere brains, as our present Britannia-ware nobility likes to think itself.

J. K. Bangs.



DISCUSSING MR. HOWELLS.

She: I UNDERSTAND HE IS ABOUT FIFTY.

He: YES, BUT HE HAS ALL THE PASSION OF EIGHTY.

EXTRACTS FROM A YACHT
OWNER'S DIARY.

THOSE who follow the careers of our various famous yachts, as detailed in the daily press, must feel deeply thankful that Providence has seen fit to deny them the possession of a marine racer. Judging from these reports, a yacht owner's diary must resemble rather painfully the following extracts:

N. Y., May 1—Launched my new sloop yesterday; named her the *Miserere*, as I expect to be sea-sick a good deal. The *Herald* says that we stuck in the mud for four hours, but were finally towed off; it also says that I am a distinguished, wealthy, and enthusiastic young yachtsman. The reporter must have been the only sober man on board at the time. People who never took any notice of me before are beginning to be very polite now.

May 10—Have had great trouble in getting the sloop rigged; workmen all struck. Sails don't fit; have got to have new ones made.

May 11—Hauled out on marine railway to clean bottom.

May 12—Came off railway.

May 13—Hauled out on marine railway to paint and clean bottom.

May 14—Came off railway.

May 15—Hauled out on marine railway to clean bottom; bottom very foul.

May 16—Came off railway.

May 17—Every wine and liquor dealer in the country has called on me during the last few days. They all say that a yacht as large as the *Miserere* always consumes five hundred cases of claret and a thousand baskets of champagne in a season! Ye gods! what tanks yachtsmen must be! How I wish I had kept out of the whole thing, and how I hate the sea! However, yachting is the thing now, and one had better be dead than not in the fashion.

May 22—Had trial trip to-day. Got beaten by a couple of colliers. The designer of the *Miserere* says that it was on account of our bottom being very foul; also that the sails don't set; mast is too big and too far forward; bowsprit too short; ballast in wrong end of her; and her rudder is too small, and she must have a rocker keel. That is all.

July 4—Alterations completed.

July 5—Hauled out to clean bottom; bottom very foul; just as designer said.

July 6—Came off railway.

July 7—Hauled out to clean bottom; bottom very foul. Gave her a coat of pot lead for trial trip to-morrow. She looks very mangy.

July 8—All ready for trial trip, but no wind.

July 9—No wind.

July 10—No wind.

July 11—No wind.

July 12—No wind.

July 13—No wind.

July 14—Hauled out to clean bottom; bottom very foul.

July 16—Sick abed. Doctor says I shall have the jumps if I keep this sort of thing up much longer. O dear! how I hate yachting. Skipper says there is a perfect breeze to-day.

July 20—Had trial trip to-day; blew a gale. Carried away topmast, gaff, and bowsprit stay. Designer says that the mast is too small and too far aft; bowsprit too long; more outside ballast necessary, and that she needs cleaning.

Sept. 1, Montreal, Canada—Just arrived here. All the yacht's bills came in yesterday.

Roland King.

REMEMBERED.

WHILE I am toiling here in town,
 And breathing dust almost to choking,
She's at the shore, in muslin gown,
 And cool as Greenland. How provoking!
 I sit and write from morn till night,
 And wonder why my lot's no better,
 While she's a-larking such a sight
 She can't find time to write a letter!

The town is dull and likewise hot;
 There's nothing doing worth the mention;
 She's boating, bathing, and what not,
 And I don't get the least attention!
 Cross? No, indeed; I'm not, a bit;
 My darling shall have only praises;
 But though she's charming, I admit
 Her negligence my choler raises.

I tread the sidewalk, she the strand;
 I go to bed, and she goes boating;
 She hears the music of the band,
 And I mosquitos' Scripture-quoting.
 Ah, well! Of course I can't complain;
 'If she is happy, I'm contented;
 To give our fair ones' wishes rein
 Is why, you know, we were invented!

So wags the world, and so it will;
 They're born to lead, and we to follow;
 Of course it must be right, but still
 It seems a joke that's rather hollow.
 Our usefulness, it would appear,
 Lies chiefly in our *yielding* graces;
 The one great aim of their career
 To cut a dash at watering-places!

Stay, here's the mail; I'll croak no more;
 I'm not forgotten quite — she's written:
 "My dear, it's lovely at the shore;
 Our Maud a Baronet has smitten;
 We're having just a gay time, too —
 We wish you could be here to share it;
 Write to us often, dearest, *do*, —
And send a check when you can spare it!"

Frank Roe Batchelder.

Most of the time in hot water — The washerwoman.



NOTES.

BRENTANO BROTHERS will shortly publish a novel by Arthur Louis, entitled "Dollars and Sense." The originality of the title gives promise of something startling, and the fact that it will contain descriptions of polo, tennis and cricket matches, will cause its advent to be awaited with that time-honored "hush of expectancy" that has done such heavy work for young authors in the past.

"THE GIPSY'S PROPHECY; or The Bride of an Evening," by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, is one of the most dramatic, stirring and absorbing romances of that famous American novelist. From the opening to the close, the book is replete with thrilling scenes of the greatest power and excitement. The plot and incidents are managed with the utmost skill, and all the intricate details present a fascination that cannot be overcome. The characters are drawn with that naturalness Mrs. Southworth always shows, while the dialogue is crisp and snappy, and the descriptions, especially those of South Wales, picturesque and beautiful. The novel is one of the very best that can be found, and will induce all who read it to get some of Mrs. Southworth's other books for perusal.

At least this is what the publisher tells us, and as he has read the book, we suppose he ought to know.

* * *

THE genial autocrat has at last returned to his native heath, and the Hub once more is happy.

It is to be hoped that way down deep in Dr. Holmes' trunk there nestle a few manuscript pages of the "Autocrat at the English Dinner Tables," giving his opinions of the manners (if there are any) and customs of the English people.

* * *

ANDREW LANG has brought out an *édition-de-luxe* on asbestos of his "Letters to Dead Authors."

They stand a fair chance of delivery now, and it is just possible that some of the dead authors will pluck a quill from their wings and write back, giving it Mr. Lang as he deserves.

We wish Mr. Lang would write to Hugh Conway and ask him to let up on a long-suffering public.

* * *

IT is rumored in literary circles that the next (October) issue of the *Century* magazine will contain, among other interesting matter, an article on the late civil war.

* * *

MR. OSCAR FAY ADAMS is still going "Through the Year with the Poets," and has our sincere sympathy.

We who have gone through nearly four years with them know just what kind of a time Mr. Adams is having.

Swimming through the whirlpool is nothing alongside of it, and no dime museum has yet made either Mr. Adams or ourselves any flattering offer that we know of.

Justice is indeed blind.

John Kendrick.

• NEW BOOKS •

PRINCESS. By M. G. McClelland. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
The Gipsy's Prophecy; or, The Bride of an Evening. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.
Memoirs and Letters of Dolly Madison. Edited by her Grand-Niece. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* * *

A SHREWD fellow is laying his pipes — The plumber.

A SUGGESTION OF ECONOMY.

LADY (*in dry-goods store*): I will look at your material for towels.

CLERK (*recently transferred from the dress-goods department*): Yes, ma'am; something that won't show dirt?



THE GREAT RACE.

NOW THEN, BOYS, START 'EM OFF AND MAY THE BEST BOAT WIN!







IDYLS OF SPORT.

I.

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For to-morrow'll be the yachttest day of all the hot new
year.

Of all the hot new year, mother, the sloopest, cutterest day;
So wake and call me early, ma, and take me down the bay.

II.

A MAN from Detroit silent sat on third base,

Singing 'Cago, Chicago, Chicago.

In vain did he wipe the hot tears from his face,

Singing 'Cago, Chicago, Chicago.

"Is it weakness of pitching or muffing," I cried,

"Or a big lot of base hits all on the wrong side?"

He sang very faintly as slowly he died:

Chicago, Chicago, Chicago.

Tricotrin.

* * *

NOTES.

BY the time the next issue of LIFE appears, the international yacht race will have been decided. Everything at present points to the defeat of the *Galatea*. The *Mayflower* is to have two captains on board with the owner in command; the crew has been trained to set the spinnaker boom inside of twenty-four hours, and with the aid of a tug and a six-inch hawser the gallant little sloop can be turned round three times as quickly as a Cunarder. The *Galatea*, on the other hand, is in strange water with only one captain, who is really nothing but a lieutenant, and is ballasted by the irrepressible and immovable Webb.

How sensible sports can back the visitor against such terrible odds is past all comprehension.

I UNDERSTAND that the New York Yacht Club has decided to accept Lieut. Henn's challenge to sail to Bermuda and back for a ten-dollar cup, provided the plucky Irishman will accept a return challenge for a dash through the Niagara whirlpool.

I hardly think Lieut. Henn will accept so dangerous a proposition, but a compromise might be effected whereby Messrs. J. Beavor Webb and J. Frederick Tams should make the attempt in a center-bored beer-barrel.

This race would be one of intense human interest, as they say of novels, and would gain for the participants either the admiration or the sympathy of the civilized world.

* * *

IN these days of yachts the man who is without one is to be pitied. The gloom of the yachtless individual is darker than an interview with a colored burglar at midnight, and on this account I gladly make room for the communication of a correspondent who suggests that with the aid of a borrowed umbrella, a pair of roller skates, and a stiff breeze a thoroughly enjoyable cruise may be had along the smooth pavements of any of our principal streets. I have seen this land-boating tried by the omnipresent small boy with great success. There is no perceptible motion and the only real danger lies in possible injury to the spanker, brought on by tacking over a banana peel or other impediment to the wayfarer of the city streets.

It is certainly a safe and inexpensive summer enjoyment.

* * *

SIX sporting men were seated on a bench in Madison Square Park, one day last week, when a stumpy little man rushed up to them and cried:

"Boys, the Metropolitans have——"

"Ting-ting!" rang the chestnut indicator.

"Chestnut!" cried the "boys."

"No chestnut about it," shouted the stumpy little man; "the Mets have won a game!!"

Two policemen and a caterpillar were mortally hurt in the excitement that followed.

Carlyle Smith.

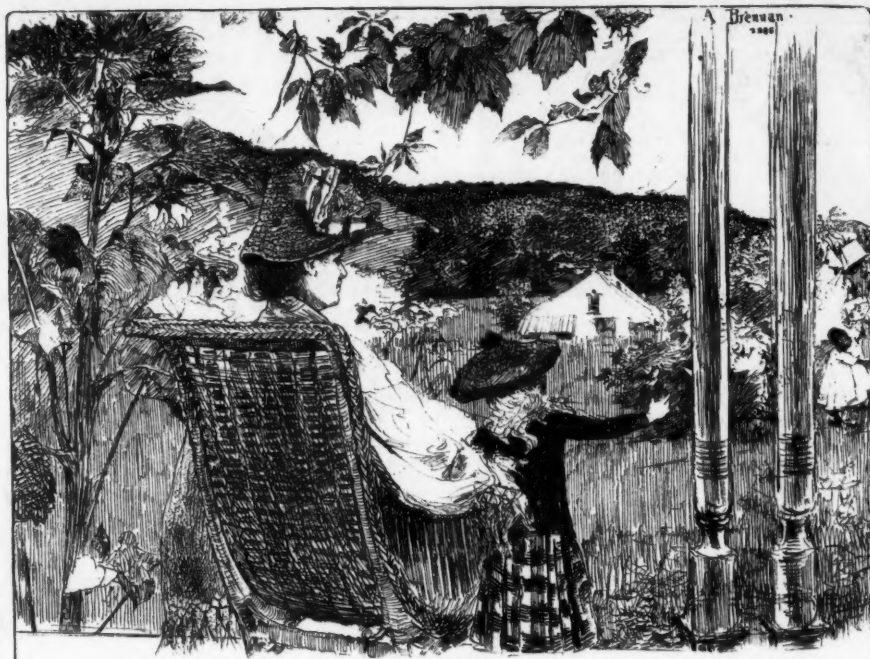


AN EXTRAORDINARY CATCH.

"JEMINY, A NIBBLE SHUAH 'NUFF!"

"HI-EE—A DAISY BIGHT 'AN YER
YO' COMES!"

"JONER IN ER LION'S DEN! BUT I
DID'N' KNOW SICH MA'KABLE 'MAZIN'
FISH WAR IN DESE PA'TS!"



Young Hopeful (on seeing a negro baby for the first time): MAMMA, IS THAT A SPOILED CHILD?

A MIDSUMMER-DAY'S DREAM.

ALL summer long I have plied the law,
I really think I must recruit.
I dream I hear the ocean's roar
While in the courts I press my suit.

The tailor duns me for his score:
I need new tennis clothes to boot,
I'll boldly walk into the store
And have him press my last year's suit.

Ah! then I'll seek that ocean's shore,
Deserting courts, both real and moot;
I'll learn another kind of lore,
As by her side I press my suit.

George E. Throop.

SONG OF THE LIFE CONVICT—"I would not live
alway."

WHAT HE CAME BACK FOR.

FATHER OF YOUNG GIRL: I should think you
would be satisfied after the treatment you got here last
night. I kicked you down the front steps and set the dog on
you, and he came back with a big piece of your trousers.
Now, what do you want?

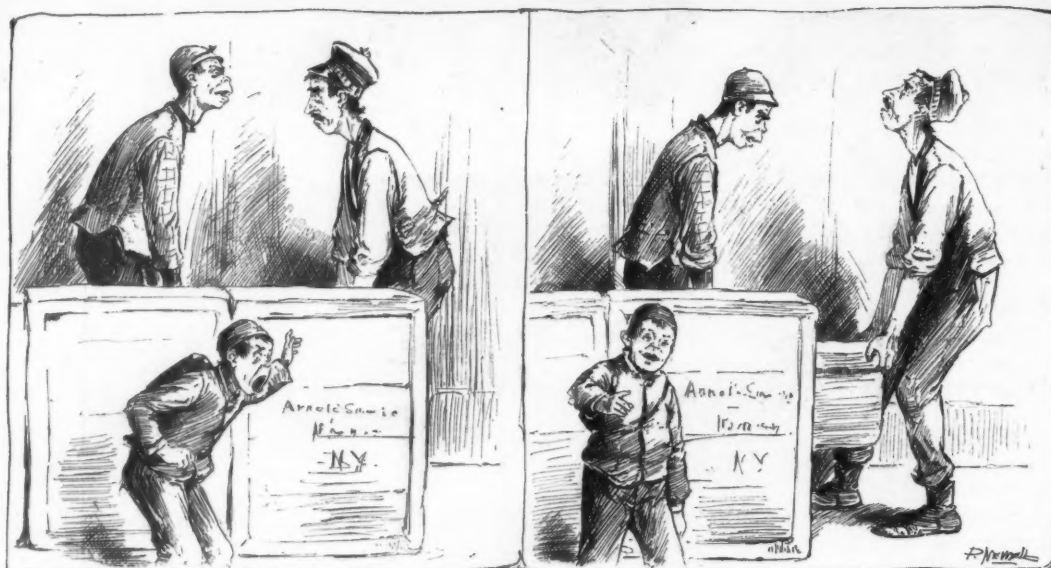
YOUNG MAN: I'd like that piece of cloth, please.

THE ELEPHANT.

PEOPLE desirous of interviewing the elephant have hitherto been referred to uninhabited parts of Africa and other desert spots. To the every-day mortal there is too much uncertainty as to the victuals in these places. This makes it palpable to the meanest comprehension that putting you in a more convenient way of seeing the elephant constitutes one a public benefactor.

The elephant can be met with in the tented plains of New York State, usually connected with a show, or boyhood's elysium—a circus. The uninitiated can recognize the elephant by his appearance. He is somewhat like a mouse, only larger. The elephant differs in shape from the mouse. He also lacks the mouse's tapering tail, which is a pity, as his own is the paltriest thing in creation. Conscious of this, the elephant carries his tail behind him in a meek, shame-faced manner. The possession of this ridiculous apology for a caudal appendage is the bane of the animal's existence. Possessed of the largest seating capacity in nature, an elephant never sits down for fear of crushing this trumpery termination of an otherwise noble form. He is like a locomotive in size, and consumes an equal quantity, though greater variety of food.

He has an immense storage capacity for victuals, but his back slopes too much for convenience of weight carrying. He appears to be better fitted for standing still. One great comfort to his contemporaries is, that no matter how an elephant



"HOO, JIMMY! YERS COUPLE FELLERS GOIN' TER FIGHT.
ONE'S BACKIN' UP AN' T'OTHER'S FOLLERIN' HIM!"

"SHINE!"

is crowded he cannot kick, no three of his legs being capable of sustaining his weight. The same cause militates against his taking an active part in a ballet. It is usually conceded that he is intended entirely for show purposes. The *darkest* one would prove a white elephant to the majority of the American public. What could a hall-bedroom tenant do with an elephant? The best-natured landlady would object to its browsing in the hall nights. The only really useful parts about him are his tusks, and they are chiefly used for making billiard balls. To the economist it seems a pitiful waste, to breed an animal, nurse him, feed and pamper him for five or six centuries before you can get sufficient ivory from him to start two games of pyramid pool. It is difficult to compress the elephant into a column. It would take too long to minutely describe his different parts, but to take his leading features, his trunk or grain elevator is a peculiar elongated nasal arrangement that speaks for itself, and trumpets forth its own praises. He also has a very liberal allowance of ear. Scientists have asserted that if an elephant could only flap his ears he could fly. But we are afraid that, were the head to commence to waft its way upward, the weight of the body would break its neck. Then again nature would have to strengthen the branches of trees, as should a *rara avis* of this description come home to roost it would damage the orchard. It is said an elephant would live a thousand years. So would man, if he could, but he cannot.

F. N. Crane.

NEW JERSEY has come to the front with a crack shot who can break 100 glass balls a minute. He does it with a trip-hammer.

PURSUING A MIDDLE COURSE.

YOUNG MATRON (*with theories on care of children, to nurse*): Jane?

NURSE: Yessum.

YOUNG MATRON: When the baby has finished his bottle, lay him in the cradle on his right side. After eating, a child should always lie on the right side; that relieves the pressure on the heart. Still (*reflectively*), the liver is on the right side—perhaps, after all, you had better lay him on the left side. No, I am sure the treatise on Infant Digestion said right side. On the whole, Jane, you may lay the baby on his back until I have looked up the matter more thoroughly.

ONCE upon a time there was a ball club. It was called the New York Club. It belonged to New York. That was just what was the matter with it. If it had never gone away from New York, all might yet have been well. But when it went away, it left us all to silence and tears.

THE TWO VOICES.

"Some draught of Lethe might await
The slipping through from state to state:"

INDEED there might, Alfred, especially if you were slipping through from the State of Ohio into the State of Kentucky. But don't you go and call for Lethe; they might not know just what you meant. In the Bluegrass region its poetical name is Belle of Nelson. And don't ask for lemon-seltzer; 'ten to one you wouldn't get it. Take it straight, like a little man. When you are in Kentucky, do as the Kentuckians do.

B. Zim.



A BROAD JOKE.

PHOTOGRAPHER (mechanically): Now, look pleasant, please. (With agitation): Oh, don't smile quite so much; I have only a small plate in. — *Grip*.

ALGY: Do you think, my love, your father will consent to our marriage?

ANGELY: Of course papa will be very sorry to lose me, darling.

ALGY: But I will say to him that instead of losing a daughter he will gain a son.

ANGELY: I wouldn't do that, love, if you really want me. Papa has three such sons boarding here now, and he's a little touchy on the point. — *Texas Siftings*.

A VERY BAD MAKE-UP.

ONE of the funniest mistakes in the "make-up" of a newspaper, if it was a mistake, was made by the foreman of the *Detroit Abend Post*, in which the following appeared on last Thursday:

Postmaster General William F. Vilas and United States Senator Payne, of Ohio, arrived here yesterday on the steamer *India*, and in the afternoon were sentenced by Judge Haug to sixty days in the house of correction. — *Ex*.

It wouldn't have required much of a hand to beat Noah at poker. He only held two of a kind. — *Texas Siftings*.

TRAMP: I have lost an arm, sir; will —

PASSER-BY (in great haste): Sorry, but I haven't seen anything of it. — *New York Sun*.

UNCULTURED ENTHUSIASM.

LAURA," said Mrs. Parvenu, on the hotel piazza, to her daughter — "Laura, go and ask the leader of them orchestras to play that 'sympathy from Meddlejohn' over again. It's such an awful favorite of mine and your father's, too!" — *Boston Traveler*.

W'y, how yer do, Nancy?" said old Hester, addressing old Sanderson's daughter. "Didn't yer get married last Saddy night?" "No; de weddin' dat come off didn't take place." "Wha fo' didn't it, gal?" "Well, 'case der wan't but thirteen present." "All foolishness. You oughter b'lebe in no such foolish 'spicion ez dat. I clar ter goodness, yer make me ashamed o' yer, puttin' off weddin' jest bekase dey wan't but thirteen dar. W'y n't yar sent out an' invited de fo'teenf pusson ter come?" "Well, daddy go out an' beg him ter come." "Well, w'y n't yer go ahead an' let him erlone?" "Couldn't." "Why?" "Case de fo'teenf man was de pusson what had promised ter marry me. I tells yer, Aunt Carlsy, thirteen is bad luck." — *San Francisco Chronicle*.

CHARLEY will soon be home again, fresh from his studies, won't he?" said a fond Cincinnati mother to her spouse. "I don't think, my dear, that Charley's studies can have the effect of making him any fresher than he was when he left," was the old gentleman's unfeeling reply. — *Cincinnati Sun*.

THE son of a clergyman was delivering a valedictory when, in pulling out his handkerchief, he pulled out a pack of cards. "Hello!" he exclaimed, "I've got on my father's coat." — *Durant (Miss.) News*.

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